And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knauiſh ſpirit,
Call'd *Robin good-fellow*. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſ-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he? (the night,

Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crab,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and fals into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my miſtreſſe: would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moone-light, proud *Tytania*.

Queen.

Queene. What, iea
Ihaue forſworne his
Ob. Tarry raſh wa
Qu. Then I muſt b
When thou haſt ſtol
And in the ſhape of
Playing on pipes of
To amorous *Phillid*
Come from the fart
But that forſooth th
Your buskind miſtr
To *Theſeus* muſt be
To giue their bed io
Ob. How canſt th
Glance at my credit
Knowing I know th
Didſt not thou lead
From *Perigenia*, wh
And make him wit
With *Ariadne*, and
Queen. Theſe are
And neuer ſince the
Met we on hill, in da
By paued fountaine
Or in the beached r
To dance our ringl
But with thy brawl
Therefore the winc
As in reuenge, haue
Contagious fogs;
Hath euery pelting
That they haue ouc
The Oxe hath ther
The ploughman lo
Hath rotted, ere hi